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WOMAN'S WORK

Vol. XXIV. AUGUST, 1909. No. 8

As these pages are made up, newspapers report the capture of Teheran, after a short battle on July 13, by Nationalist troops joined by Bakhtiari, the fighting tribesmen of Southern Persia. As the Shah's Cossacks still control Artillery Square and other Royalist soldiers may march to their relief, while a Russian military expedition is awaiting orders at Kasvin only ninety miles away, and all these forces are well armed, the next few days must inevitably see important changes at Teheran. Every student of history reads the handwriting on the wall of the King's palace: the Constitution must be upheld. Do they also read "Thy kingdom is divided"? The Constitutionalist leader guarantees safety to foreigners, yet the situation must be one of difficulty if not of danger for our friends in the city.

At daily prayer-meeting on the 12th, Dr. and Mrs. Funk were welcomed home from Hamadan, our only large Station in Persia which is not shaken by war, and Miss Holliday gave her parting message before she leaves for another term at Tabriz. She deplores the newspaper method which allows no room for what God intends to do through these present movements; her confidence is in Him, for the liberation He purposes to provide for those under Islam. As the Magi headed the procession of the non-Christian world in bringing offerings to our Saviour, so she is hoping that Persia will lead all Asia in coming to His feet.

We regret to hear that Rev. W. C. Johnston is suffering from prolonged illness, the result of his unsparing labors in Africa; also that Mrs. Wm. Harris of Laos is in hospital.

If the Presbyterian Church wants to get acquainted with Charles W. McCleary—and it does, because he belongs to its Guard of Honor—let them read the volume just published (see p. 181). The bulk of it consists of McCleary's own sincere, natural, unvarnished letters from Africa. They reflect a character both lovable and heroic and, as for his ability, see what he did in seven and a half years, as preacher, teacher, translator, doctor, planter, carpenter, builder, pacificator, diplomat, friend. A Christian gentleman, a manly American from Iowa, was McCleary. The proceeds of the book will go to extend the work he left at his death.

By letter from Bahia, Mr. Speer reports that in a fortnight of muleback travel he had visited ten points where Central Brazil Mission has work. Nights were cool; sometimes he had slept on the ground or on tables "with all my clothes and a sweater on, boots and riding leggins too; it was good, wholesome roughing it." He was to sail for Rio, June 7th. Of Bahia City he says:

> "The weirdest, quaintest city I have ever seen, except Muscat in Arabia. It is full of fine old churches. The old slave markets were here, and it is still like a bit of Africa. It stands on a bluff, overlooking the beautiful bay, and the colors are like the colors of stage scenery in the theatre."

Southern Brazil Mission for the present loans Rev. G. A. Landes to be at Ponte Nova with Dr. Waddell.

It was most unhandsome of the Dakoits to steal $300 from such a friend of Siam as F. L. Snyder, when he was away down the coast too, building a sanitarium for Bangkok Station, and he needed the money to pay the bills. How different missionaries are! They proposed to share the loss, and when the Board at home heard about it, *they* arranged; so it is all settled beautifully.

"Who can restore sight to the blind?" asked the teacher who was reviewing the Bangkok Sunday-school. Promptly answered by the Siamese children, "Dr. Walker."

This is a year of celebrations in India. Dehra School keeps Jubilee; C. E. Convention is held at Agra; Lodiana Station celebrates the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding; General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in India meets at Lodiana.

WRITING from Sidon, June 16, Mrs. Geo. Ford says: "At Beirût, the Governor received his orders from the old Sultan to order a massacre in the district, which includes Sidon. The Governor, putting the order in his pocket, declined to obey. At Damascus it was the same, only the guns had been turned on the city and the commander wished a massacre, but the Governor compelled him to give up his order. Within a few hours the Sultan was deposed. Thanks be to the loving Father!

THE first Korean pastor of Syen Chun was installed in March and, May 16, ninety persons were baptized; the Church is outgrowing its very large building and there is talk of dividing the parish.

WRITING from Syen Chun in May, Mrs. Roberts says: "Dr. Sharrocks is the busiest man you ever saw, superintending the new buildings besides his medical work and lecturing to students. The chief of these buildings is the Hugh O'Neill, Jr., Academy for boys."

OCCUPATION of the long-talked-of Farthest North Station in Korea Mission was accomplished May 1, when, after nine days of travel overland, Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Blair, Ralph G. Mills, M. D., and Mrs. Mills arrived at Kang Kai, accompanied by Korean assistants and workmen. House building is the order of the day.

"EIGHT or ten of my school-girls expect to unite with the Church here in Otaru, next Sabbath" (May 30), writes Miss Clara Rose from Japan; it is such results that make a teacher's vacation joyful and restful.

FROM Angom, Africa Mission, Mrs. S. F. Johnson wrote, May 9: "We are so glad to be back again." May 18, Mrs. A. C. Good wrote from Baraka Station: "Last days of the voyage passed slowly; April 14 was the glad day, and only the dear Master knows how thankful I was to be here again. Roman Catholics have three chapels now, where they had only one fifteen years ago, and the people seem much under their influence."

IT WAS reported in May that schoolboys at Fatehgarh, N. India, and of course their leaders, were "engaged in industries with a vengeance." A large order from the civil surgeon "for operating tables, instrument cases, etc., keeps the iron workers busy; the suggestion that disease germs are carried largely by the barefooted, added to the stylish look of American lasts, accounts for a rush on the shoemakers; High School boys are making tile for roofing at the rate of a thousand a day. Band practice provides recreation in the evenings."

WHILE Dr. Seymour of East Shantung is on furlough, his hospital at Tengchou and two dispensaries are in charge of Dr. Effie Cooper of Tsingtau. Among her interesting cases she mentions "the gory sight of a tibia protruding like a spear from a man's leg." The doctor says, "Opium is the curse of the city;" she knows of cases where money, clothing, fuel and food have all gone for opium.

SAMPLES from South China: (1) An elder in Lien-chou Church had been married over two years, yet, when his wife came before the Session to be examined for church membership, he was obliged to ask her name, "so seldom is a woman's own name used; she is 'the big sister,' 'the second sister,' etc." (2) At Lien-chou, again, a mission building was going up and the contractor, a heathen, was told that no work was to be done on the Lord's Day. Looking off towards the site which was some distance away from the church, he replied: "O it won't matter over there, at *that* place." (3) A number of idols had been cast out of houses around Nodoa, Hainan, and the Bible Readers brought them home. A few days after, the children of Chinese Christians were observed *playing* with the images, no more afraid of them than a missionary is; whereas the heathen greatly fear their idols and treat them with reverence,—they must be carried in a red chair, by specially chosen men. It is only about twenty-five years since Christianity was introduced on Hainan.

PRONOUNCE Bahia, Bah-*ee*-ah; Angom, Ahn-*gaum;* Baraka, *Bare*-a-kah; Otaru, O-*tar*-oo; Lien-chou, *Leen*-chow; Nodoa, No-*dwah;* Hainan, Hy-*nahn;* Benares, Be-*nar*-eez; Yagoot, *Yah*-goot; Hamadan, Hahm-ah-*dahn;* Lakawn, Lah-*kawn;* Miraj, *Mir*-ahj; Paotingfu, Bow-ting-*foo;* Peking, Pee-*king;* Chile, *Chee*-ly; Concepcion, Con-*sep*-see-*ōn;* Chillan, Chil-*lan*.

THE WANDERER

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang,
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home; sing, O my home, of thee!

Eugene Field.

The Progress of the Kingdom

By Mrs. Robert Whyte, London.

The paper presented by Mrs. Whyte was one of the most important features in the recent Conference of the International Union.* To her we owe many thanks for obligingly permitting us the use of extracts, and only regret that lack of space prevents our printing her paper entire.—Editor.

A vast topic, to be treated in the space of one short speech. When my subject was given me, I asked whether this meant within the last ten years or since the last meeting of this Council, and was told, "No limit as to time!" Surely I may bespeak your sympathy in facing so perplexing a task as to condense, within the space of twenty minutes, results of almost world-wide missionary operations.

One of your own prophets, Phillips Brooks, has said: "We are to live far-looking lives, for what is before us not what is behind us touches us to enthusiasm." This is no doubt true in a measure, yet we are told to remember the former things of old. "Because thou *hast* been my help, therefore," etc. Some of us, I fear, are apt in facing the vast magnitude of the task which still lies before us, and comparing the smallness of the supply of men and money at our disposal, to falter and cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" So let us, for our heartening and cheer, remember what God has already done among the heathen with the comparatively few and weak instruments we have put into His hands.

A word or two about the changed aspect of the missionary enterprise at home. In the *London Times* newspaper the other day, I read these words in a review of the life of George Grenfell of the Congo, lately published:

"By degrees the Christian missionary is coming into his own as a desirable element in the world's great traditions. Half a century ago it would have seemed ludicrously out of proportion that a Baptist apostle of whatever worth should have his record enshrined in two separate monographs, one of them consisting of two volumes."

Certainly within the last fifty years, the non-missionary world has been forced to take note of effects of the missionary enterprise upon individuals, communities, and governments even. The late Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister, once said: "The missionary is not *persona grata* at the Foreign Office." The present Lord Salisbury, his son, said the other day that "The Government has learned to know the use of missionaries; in all departments of life in East Africa the missionary is essential to progress."

Turning to the foreign field, I am somewhat perplexed where to begin. But, facing as I am an American audience in the main, may I refer for a moment to mission work in what we in Britain are accustomed to call the Near East, or is often spoken of as the storm center of Europe. I mean Turkey. What are the causes which have led to this sudden and bright dawn in that land which has taken almost every one by surprise? I think we cannot doubt the New Day is largely to be traced to the patient, persevering, noble efforts of American missionaries during more than eighty years past; their incessant efforts to sow the Gospel seed, to inculcate new ideas, to train the youth in Robert College and affiliated institutions, and to qualify those whom they have influenced to become leaders of public opinion. Now the seed long sown in secret has suddenly sprung into the light of day. What a fresh impetus will not this revolution in Turkey give to work in all the neighboring Eastern lands, in Egypt, Arabia, Persia, where brave and

* See notice on p. 185.

faithful workers have long been toiling under the terrible incubus of Mohammedanism!

We must pass further East to India. Here, as surely as the river Ganges is undermining daily the sacred stairs and temples at Benares, so surely is Christianity gradually undermining the whole fabric of Hinduism, Caste and Idolatry. Perhaps nowhere in all the world is there such abounding and bigoted religiousness, coupled with such utter perversion of right and deadness of conscience. The enormous population and the diversity of languages spoken (150 in all), have rendered co-operation except in limited areas almost impossible and required versions of the Scriptures as numerous and unlike each other as the languages of Europe. . . . Notwithstanding these great difficulties, converts have been gathered, in increasing numbers year by year, from every race and class and caste. At the last census taken, the Indian Christian population was numbered as over 3,000,000, *i. e.*, one out of every hundred of the 300,000,000. Ninety and nine still outside the fold, one only within; and the Good Shepherd could not rest while one only was *outside!* . . . The very "Unrest in India" of which we have heard so much of late, is no doubt due largely to the fact that enlightenment and education are percolating through the masses so that belief in their old religions is growing weaker, and the Brahmans, seeing their hold on the people lessening and their power slipping from them, are stirring up strife and sedition. . . . To me, perhaps the most noteworthy and cheering of all recent signs of progress in India has been the foundation and institution (in Carey's Library at Serampore) of the National Missionary Society. We are told by those competent to judge, that this Society is organized on a sound and safe basis. One other sign I must not forget to mention for which we should give God thanks; I mean the movement towards co-operation between different Churches at work. In South India, during the past year, a Union was accomplished between the American Board (Congregational churches), the American Reformed Church, the United Free Church of Scotland, and the London Missionary Society. . . .

Union of churches is conspicuous also in China, and it is time I should turn to China. Signs of reform and advance in Western civilization are seen on all sides. The rail-heads are constantly being pushed forward, the organized postal system, multiplication of newspapers and wide circulation of literature; (I heard the other day that the catalogue, of works written and translated by missionaries alone, forms a book of 154 pages). There seems no doubt that eventually education will be compulsory throughout the Empire, while even now, ancient temples, for many a generation the seats of idolatry, are being turned into schools and colleges, and idol pictures and images are replaced by maps, diagrams and blackboards. Last but not least, the condition of Chinese women, especially among the well-to-do classes, has changed within the last few years—changed literally from head to foot, for minds and feet alike now appear unbound. . . . As a striking proof of the change of public opinion towards Christianity, during the year 1908 a great Bazaar was held in Canton, in the Presbyterian Mission buildings, to which Christians and non-Christians alike contributed, in aid of the sufferers from typhoons and floods of exceptional extent and violence. It was attended by officials and gentry and a sum of $170,000 (silver) was raised. Over all the buildings only one flag was flown—the Red Cross flag. This was deliberately chosen with full consent of non-Christians for, they said, "The Cross stands for self-sacrifice for others; let us fly that flag rather than the Dragon flag of China!"

The Union which has been formed in North China, for teaching and training medical, normal and theological students, is full of promise and we must all rejoice greatly in the formation of the Presbyterian Church of China. As in the first days, they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution which arose about Stephen traveled as far as Phenice and Cyprus preaching the Word, so to-day in many spots and villages in Mongolia and even in far Thibet, through the dispersion caused by the Boxer rising, Christianity has been planted in that most durable of all forms, communities whose very bond of cohesion is the religious sentiment (witness the Pilgrim Fathers).

The speaker here dwelt upon "the marvel-

lous work of God's Spirit in Korea and Manchuria." Continuing, she said:

I must leave Asia and turn to Africa, which has not been mentioned to-day. I have been deeply interested in Africa all my life. As a child I sat in Livingstone's lap and leaned my head against his shoulder, feeling for the place where the lion crunched the bone. I remember the boxes brought from the heart of Africa containing his first book. . . . And now, to hear Dr. Laws tell of his experiences in Livingstonia convinces one that the age of miracles, that may be wrought by God's heroes, is not yet passed.

October 12, 1875, was the birth-hour of an era in the history of Central Africa. It is thrilling to read of that day on the *Ilala*, the first steamer ever launched on an African lake. There were five slave dhows on Nyasa Lake, and one of them lowered its flag as it recognized the British flag flying at the mast-head of the little mission steamer; at that moment the bell of the *Ilala* rang out the death knell of African slavery! The Arab slavers were filled with consternation, for they knew full well that their slaving days would soon be at an end. We are told how the sun was just rising and gilding the mountain tops around the lake with gold, as the little vessel shot forth onto the lake, and the little mission party hailed it as an emblem of the rise of the Sun of Righteousness on that Dark Land and instinctively they started the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell."

We learn that the men living round the lake were the most uncivilized the missionaries had seen anywhere in Africa, entirely nude or, to use an African phrase, "go-nakeds." Hippos, elephants, buffaloes, lions, abounded and the people were living in triple-stockaded villages for fear of the Ngoni, a fierce, warlike tribe. At that date, little more than thirty years ago, there was not a single native Christian nor church nor school, nor Bible nor book; not a single native knew a single letter of the alphabet. Twenty-five years later, at the semi-jubilee of the arrival of the *Ilala*, by the hands of *African* telegraphists, a message of greeting was sent to Edinburgh and Glasgow in less than three hours. In 1875 the first school was started with one scholar, the stoker of the steamer. To-day there are 613 schools with 14,900 scholars. The gospel of Mark is printed in eight languages by natives themselves at the Livingstonia printing press, while there is, to-day, a Christian African public subscribing to a periodical, with such contents as a Commentary on the Romans and the Imitation of Christ. Nine converts were baptized during the first nine years; to-day there are nearly 5,000 communicants, there were 1,610 baptisms last year. The slave trade has been utterly abolished, there are no slaves left. The Ngoni warriors who lived as wolves among sheep have been tamed and, instead of carrying fire and sword wherever they went, now carry the gospel of peace. They have literally turned their swords into ploughshares, for on his way home the last time, Dr. Stewart relates, he saw a field of wheat being reaped by Ngoni with their spears! "Give me a gospel for an assegai," said one to the missionary, "for the love of war has been taken out of my heart." . . .

The Congo and Islands of the Sea were next considered. Then:

We are sometimes told that, in Christendom so-called, Christianity and the Church are dying. It is not true, thank God, even in England. But who dare say it, when such things are happening in the far off corners of every country under the sun?

But let us remember, there is another side of the picture. The practical progress which is being made is after all insignificant by comparison with the magnitude of the ideal. After 2,000 years, all sections of the Christian Church at home and abroad are but a small minority of the world's inhabitants; two-thirds of the human race are still non-Christian or anti-Christian. . . . So, let us recall Mordecai's warning words to Queen Esther: "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall enlargement and deliverance arise from another place, . . . and who knoweth whether *thou*, (poor, weak woman!) art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

What was Esther's response? Heroic? Are there no women in this xxth century ambitious of equal heroism? Surely, yes. Should not every individual Christian be ambitious to have the largest share possible in this great work?

Three Chinese Women of San Francisco

MRS. WING.

One day many years ago, a trembling little girl, half sick with fear, stood knocking at the door of one of the Chinese Missions in San Francisco. When refused admission on account of the appearance of her face, still flushed with a recent attack of small-pox, she fled to our Presbyterian Home. Too fearful of discovery to boldly ring at the front door, she waited for three hours at a side entrance before her knocking was heard and kind hands drew her lovingly inside the shelter. She was only one of the many little girls brought to this country, who are compelled to work hard, often under cruel treatment, until old enough to be sold into a life of shame. Waking in the night, she heard her owners making arrangements to sell her, therefore, watching her opportunity, she had stealthily crept from the sickening place out into a life of unaccustomed sweetness and usefulness. In the Mission, Christian friends comforted her and taught her to love Jesus. She went to school and learned how to make a beautiful home. She was taught the treasures of the Bible, and for years has gone in and out of the homes of Chinatown, bringing to sad and gloomy lives a contribution of cheer, brightness and hope, whose aggregate can never be reckoned. She is the lady whom members of the Occidental Board, and many others, know to-day as Mrs. Wing.

Mrs. Wing sometimes conducted me into those homes of old Chinatown. We felt our way down dusky, evil-smelling stairways to cellars so dark that gas jets continually burned in the tiny partitioned-off rooms where families lived, and where we sometimes found a pale, tiny-footed slave girl, who was never allowed to step out into God's free sunshine. When they heard our voices, the women would gather into the room where we were visiting and, after talk and merry laughter, Mrs. Wing would speak to them seriously and invite them to church; and after an especially loving word of hope to our little slave girl, who all this time had been busy about her work and drinking in every word, we would climb up into the pure air, amid parting expressions of regret and invitations to come again. Wherever she goes, Mrs. Wing is loved; Chinese women greet her affectionately and children cling to her. She is one of the teachers in our Sunday-school and, with the help of another, each Sunday brings in from thirty to forty children, mostly from heathen homes. There you may hear little voices sing "Bringing in the Sheaves," "You in Your Corner and I in Mine," "Precious Jewels," with far more enthusiasm and glee than melody. Mrs. Wing teaches the children verses which they repeat at the close of service. They sing these hymns and recite verses to their heathen parents at home, and so the seed is sown widely; sometimes it takes root and parents become interested and converted. The children themselves are the hope of our San Francisco work, and are being trained in kindergarten, graded school and Sunday-school, not only to make good Chinese Americans, but also good Chinese Christians. In all this Mrs. Wing has a large part. She was a charter member of our Kings' Daughters' Circle, which Mrs. Condit founded, and has been the only secretary, missing but one meeting in all the eighteen years.

MRS. CHEW.

Another product of the beautiful training given in our Mission Home is Mrs. Chew, wife of the well-known minister, lecturer and editor, Rev. Ng Poon Chew. Taken to the Home when little more than a baby, she responded readily to the influences thrown about her, and has developed into a lovely, loyal Christian. Combining strength, sweetness and cordiality, she is a valuable woman, with powerful influence among her people. She is the president of our King's Daughters' Circle, capable in conducting its meetings and energetic in stimulating other women to the performance of duty. She is always ready to do whatever is asked of her, and is the main stand-by in collecting the $52 which the Circle sends each year to support two Bible women in Canton.

There are five children in the Chew family: four daughters—the eldest just finishing her first year in High School, the youngest still in kindergarten—and a bright son, who has a reputation for taking high grades in Grammar School.

Theirs is a lovely Christian home and a center of influence that reaches far among their countrymen.

MRS. CHANG.

At the time of the great earthquake, about twenty Chinese men, women and children took refuge in my home in San Francisco. When from that refuge we were all compelled to flee, Mrs. Chang, her husband and two children fled with our family and we lived together two weeks in our temporary home in Oakland. Mrs. Chang proved herself a devoted helper in the distribution of relief to the many families crowded together in the Mission Chapel. Such a pitiful company these were—ninety of them sometimes—sleeping in rows on the floor at night, and spending their days sitting in chairs along the wall—for the first time in their lives with nothing to do. (For Chinese women are always busy, adding to the family income by sewing, which is brought from factories.)

Mrs. Chang is a native Californian, the daughter of a Chinese who gained considerable wealth from the mines. Her husband is one of the students who was sent by the Chinese Government many years ago to be educated in this country. He is a graduate from the Law Department of Columbia University and was admitted to the bar but, not allowed to practice in California because of the prejudice against Chinese, he for many years has been engaged in the banking business. Recently he has been teaching Law and Banking in Nanking, China, and a few months ago returned to America in the suite of Tong Shao Yi. Mr. and Mrs. Chang, with little Ora and Oliver, form a most delightful family. Mrs. Chang has been for many years a devoted worker in the church, being especially active in efforts of the King's Daughters. She is our voluntary visitor among Chinese homes in Oakland where she gives two days each week to carrying the message of Jesus' love. Besides this, in our Mission School she teaches sewing and embroidery.

There are many other interesting characters in our Chinese Church. If travelers to the great Metropolis of the Pacific Coast care to be made acquainted with this better class, rather than those who frequent dens of gambling and infamy whither the guides of Chinatown delight to conduct tourists, let them pay a visit to 920 Sacramento Street (our Mission Home), or to 925 Stockton Street (our Chinese Church), and they may be introduced.

MRS. CHANG AND HER CHILDREN.

(*Mrs. J. H.*) *Annie B. Laughlin.*

Mohammedanism in the Land of the Laos

Six miles from the city of Lampoon is a village that is the home of several men from India, who are engaged in the cattle business and farming. So far as I know, none of these men brought a wife with him, but they did bring their religion. They have married Laos wives, some of whom still worship in the Buddhist temples, but all their children are being brought up in the faith of Islam. They have a little mosque and a *mollah*, or Moslem teacher of religion, who divides his time between this little community, and others similar in Chieng Mai twelve miles to the north, and Lakawn sixty miles away to the east and south. Hindustani, the mother tongue of these Indians, is usually written in the Arabic character and the men and boys readily learn to read the Koran, but few if any of them understand it. They merely repeat or read the formulæ of devotion and prayer, as their fathers did before them. How regularly they ob-

serve the hours and days of Mohammedan worship I do not know, but through these immigrants Islam is gaining a certain foothold in Laos. They do not, I think, seek proselytes, but they see to it that their children and children's children observe the forms of Islam.

A few of these people are personal friends of mine, and even come as listeners to our services in their villages, but they are decidedly more difficult to reach with the Gospel than their Laos neighbors. Though not numerous they are increasing, both by immigration from India and by intermarriage with the Laos people. *J. H. Freeman.*

A Living Stone in Persia's Zion

Yagoot, whose name means Ruby, was born of Armenian parents in Hamadan, Persia, about the year 1840, as we suppose. She never knew her age exactly, but after her conversion was accustomed to reckon from her spiritual birth, and I have often seen her delight in puzzling a company of women by the statement that she was but sixteen years old. Though she appeared much younger than she really was, as her hair remained quite black to the last and her round, rosy face wore a habitual happy smile which added to her youthful look, some explanation was required; this gave her an opportunity to tell of the new life she had received, which had made all things new for her and became the most important date in her history. She was the oldest of fifteen children who all, except herself and the youngest, died at their birth. The mother's life went out with the coming of the last child, and it fell to his sister's lot, she being then married, to bring up the infant. The one who exercised on her the strongest and most permanent influence was the poor, unlearned peasant whom she called Father. He seems to have been one of God's hidden princes who have power with Him. In the words of his daughter: "My mother was a very worldly woman, but all my father's life was from above. He could neither read nor write, but had a wonderful gift of poetry which caused him to be known among Armenians and Moslems as the 'bard.' He used it solely to compose spiritual songs. He would never drink wine or other intoxicants, or smoke tobacco, nor did he care for money. Foolish talk offended him and he would reprove it. The people thought him crazy, and would say, 'Why do you think so much of God?' He would reply, 'You cannot know what He is to me; the hidden jewel, the treasure of my heart.'"

When Yagoot was about eight years old, the family removed from Hamadan to a village in the neighborhood of Tabriz, and on the road she was providentially rescued from a great danger. Traveling by night, she fell asleep, lying on the load on the back of a donkey. The party met a company of Moslem villagers, and, in the confusion caused by the passing of the animals, her donkey joined the strangers and she was carried off with them, no one noticing it. Great was the dismay of the Armenians on reaching their stopping place, to find the precious child was not with them; they traced the other travelers and reclaimed her, the Persians making no difficulty about giving her up, though they might easily have kept her to grow up a Moslem. She always felt profoundly grateful to God for having preserved her from such a fate. She grew up in the happy village life, shielded from all hardship that her parents could spare her, reigning like a little princess in the humble home, where her father loved to call her to his side and tell her Bible stories; when she heard these long afterwards read from the sacred volume, she recognized them as the familiar tales of her childhood. The recollection was sometimes mixed with legends, of which it was hard to persuade her they were not as true as the rest. I could never cure her of saying, when telling the story of the birth of Christ, that the shepherds sheared a lamb and gave the fleece to the mother to clothe her baby, as she had no other provision for Him. Though she would hear and accept the verses that told of the swaddling clothes that were ready for Him, she would forget and the next time tell the story in the old way She felt a strong desire to learn to read, but her parents considered it very improper for a girl to dream of such a thing; why, indeed, since she was not

to be a priest! Years after, when her own sons went to school, she fondly hoped to learn from the oldest, but he proved too severe a schoolmaster; for when she made a mistake, he punished her by pulling her ears. Unwilling to permit such disrespect from her ten-year-old son, she abandoned the attempt. I often regretted that she did not learn to read after her conversion, but her eyes were not strong and she feared injuring them, so she depended on hearing for what knowledge she gained of the Word. She had an excellent memory, and could repeat many Bible stories quite correctly.

When twelve or thirteen years old, Yagoot kept the fast of Jonah, as all Armenian young people were accustomed to, neither eating nor drinking for three days and nights and expecting that in a dream her future life partner would appear and give her water to drink. She accordingly dreamed of a tall youth dressed in white clothes like those worn by Moslems, and was much troubled by the idea that she might be fated to marry a Turk, a lot dreaded by Armenian girls as worse than death. She always said, the suitor finally accepted for her was the one whom she had seen, though, fortunately, as much an Armenian as herself. She was extremely reluctant to be married, but it was inadmissable that a marriageable girl should remain single, so, much as she and her parents grieved at parting, at the age of fifteen she must leave them and go sixteen miles away to Tabriz, where in a strange home, as the first bride or wife of the oldest son, she must be the household drudge. Under the orders of a severe and unloving mother-in-law, she must rise early and sleep late; must always remain standing in presence of her parents-in-law or older relatives; not allowed to converse with them or with her husband, except through the medium of a third party and in whispers, her mouth being tied up with a thick bandage which it was considered most disgraceful to remove.

For the petted household treasure this was a sad change, but she could afterwards see the use of it, in habits of industry then formed and the thorough way she was taught to do everything. She told the story with little complaint, simply remarking, when I asked what kind of a mother-in-law she had, that she was "an old Shaitan" (Satan); and when I ventured to ask after the character of her husband, replied evasively that he resembled his mother. She was proud, however, of having rebelled against the custom of not speaking directly or audibly to her husband and, I believe, after she had children of her own, she went so far as to take off the bandage from her mouth. High-spirited and fearless as she was, she probably often gave as good as she got, but she was proud of the fact that when her mother-in-law was a blind and helpless widow, and the sons separated and set up distinct households, she was the one chosen with whom to live by the old and disagreeable woman, and that

TABRIZ ITINERATING PARTY
Represents Three Races.

Miss Holliday, Yagoot and the Armenian evangelist and, with the rest end of his gun in air, Kerbela Rasoul, the Tatar Turk, faithful cook and general factotum.

for her she had faithfully cared, often in hardship and poverty, till her death.

She herself, at the age of thirty, was left a widow with two boys. During her husband's long illness, when he was unable to work at his trade of painter and glazier, she had supported the family by sewing and any other work she could find. Now, she was burdened with a heavy mortgage on their home. She had faith in God as the God of the widow, and she also believed He helps those who help themselves. With an invincible dislike of begging and horror of depending on others, she called her eldest son and, laying the case before him, said: "If you will be a good, industrious boy, we will try to raise the money to pay the mortgage and keep our home. If you mean to be idle and worthless, I shall sell the place." The boy responded to his mother's appeal and, after a struggle of years, they were free of debt. For the sake of her children, she refused good offers of marriage and remained poor, but she felt a consuming thirst for the good things of the world, and fancied if she were but rich she would be perfectly happy. As she afterwards said, God would not satisfy her ambition at that time for, toil as she might, she remained poor. When she became a Christian, she wondered at the amount of prosperity she enjoyed; she then could afford many of the things she had so longed for, but which were not given until, as she believed, she could see they were unable to afford her true happiness. She had plenty of everything prized by an Armenian housewife of the middle class, but found the care of her possessions only a burden. She learned to believe that her poverty was the result of her disobedience to the commandments of God, which she had thought she could not afford to keep. She had sewed six days for others, and on Sunday for herself; if a remnant of cloth or a little thread were left from her work for customers, she had no scruples about keeping it and, from such accumulations, preparing her own clothes and the children's. If any questions were asked, the ready lie was not lacking to keep up appearances or disarm suspicion. With all her contriving, she could barely manage to possess one suit to wear, which she washed and dried at night that no one might guess her poverty. When a neighbor commented on her gowns being all of the same pattern, she would say she had fancied the style and bought a whole bolt of the goods; so her dresses were all alike. She could tell stories of privation and hunger, particularly in famine time when, like many others, she often went hungry that the children might have the whole of the scanty provision. I think it was she who told me that, once, a quantity of excellent bread was discovered in the street and eagerly appropriated by the hungry household. It was afterwards learned that a rich Moslem neighbor, a monomaniac on the subject of cleanliness, had thrown it out because the house cat had walked over it.

Yagoot was saved from two vices not uncommon among Armenian women of her generation: by over-indulging in wine once or twice, she saw the danger and avoided it; after her husband's death, she was persuaded by the neighbors that the proper thing to do was to sit idle for some days, weeping profusely and taking snuff in large quantities, to soothe her grief. She followed this advice and one day, being alone, she became insensible; on coming to herself, she took the box and all the paraphernalia of snuff-taking and flung them far away over the city moat, which lay at the back of the house, thenceforth being free from that temptation.

Her oldest son married against her will, and this was a sore trial. He separated from her and the younger son went to Tiflis to work, so she lived alone. She was very angry at the daughter-in-law and still more at her mother, a relative, who had taken advantage of the inexperience of a very young man to entrap him into an unsuitable marriage. For some time Yagoot cherished hatred and rancor in her heart till one day, kneeling in the church, she was led to think of the forgiving mercy of God. Her heart was melted; rising up, she went at once to humble herself and seek reconciliation. The results were most happy: the bride grew to love and trust her mother-in-law; together they bore the household grief caused by the son's insanity; and when Elizabeth and her baby girl died on the same day of cholera, it was Yagoot who cared for them and prepared their bodies for the grave.

When the mother, her enemy, went down to death, with no one of her own children to nurse her, Yagoot was with her and received her last breath. From this experience, she often testified to others how sweet it is to forgive.

When she was about forty, her dormant religious instinct began to assert itself and she sought after her father's God. In her own church she found nothing to satisfy the newly awakened craving; the services in old Armenian were for the most part unintelligible to her, and of vernacular preaching there was none. Even when she understood words, she failed to grasp their meaning. She would often laugh, telling how when the priest read the words of our Lord to Peter, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs," she applied them literally and wondered vaguely what Jesus might be doing with a flock of sheep. She found no spiritual food till Miss Jewett invited her to the meetings she was holding for women and to the Evangelical Church, where she heard the Word of God read and explained, in modern plain language which she could comprehend. Her heart was attracted, and she spoke of a desire to unite with the church. She wished much to see the administration of the Lord's Supper, but as non-communicants were not at that time allowed to be present, for fear of endangering the safety of Moslem converts, her wish was not gratified, and she was offended and for a while repelled from the missionaries.

In the spring of 1887, I was recovering from typhoid fever and by advice of physicians was to take a journey to Hamadan, for which a woman was necessary as traveling companion. I ventured to ask Yagoot to go and she eagerly accepted, delighted with the chance of seeing again the home of her childhood where she still had some relatives. We set out on the journey of nineteen days, I in a *takhterawan* (a sort of litter), carried by two horses harnessed to it in shafts before and behind, and Yagoot on horseback. I soon found out that she was a person of decided character, and destined to falsify most of the predictions made as to my taking a woman with me. It had been said, all the maids fell off their horses two or three times daily, and were more trouble than help; but she fell off only once, and was the most helpful person imaginable to one making a journey in weakness and pain.

At one of our stopping places in a Moslem village, the Armenian pride betrayed itself. Yagoot began to scold the women for the dirtiness of their homes and children, and to take the exasperatingly superior tone with them, which so effectually shuts their hearts against any attempt to enlighten their darkness. When they were gone, she expressed herself as opposed to giving them the Gospel; they were "unclean dogs," unworthy and incapable of receiving it. Taking the Armenian Bible, I read her the story of the Syrophenician woman. I also told how Moffat, when guest of a Boer farmer, had wished to preach to Hottentots and his host had said they were "dogs;" and how Moffat, reading the same story, had won him to call the Hottentots in to hear of Jesus. It was enough; never again did I hear a similar expression from Yagoot, nor did she again adopt the scolding tone. She was ever ready to labor for Moslems in humility and love, and made no race distinction in her efforts to do good.

(To be concluded next month.)

Grettie Y. Holliday.

Itinerating Notes from East Shantung

I started early in May to visit my outstations and the following are some incidents of the trip:

At the close of my first day from Chefoo, I reached Ching Tsi Wa. The leader of the group of Christians at this station died last spring. His son took me to his father's grave. A neat headstone was erected to his memory. To my surprise it had upon it an inscription both in English and in Chinese. The grandson engraved the inscription. He had learned a little English and thought it would be an honor to his grandfather to have an English inscription. It read as follows: "He is a old Christian also elder daid (died) in seventy years old." This novelty has attracted many people to visit the grave, and, while they cannot read the English, they know that the man who lies there was one of God's faithful servants and, thus, even in his

death the man witnesses for the truth.

At Ki Ke Chwang there is an organized church. It is growing more rapidly than any of our out-stations. Three years ago the Christians with a great deal of effort and self-sacrifice built a church. Their heathen neighbors gave them help in this good work. At the rate the membership is growing, this house promises soon to be too small. I spent a day and a half here and examined twenty candidates for baptism; nine were received, one being a leper. This is the second leper I have received into the church.

REV. W. O. ELTERICH ITINERATING BY SHENZA.

At the next station, near the city of Lai Yang, I received an interesting man into the church. His name is Li and three years ago I examined him, but as he was about to go to Manchuria, I would not receive him. I exhorted him very carefully, however, not to give up studying the truth. Now he has returned from Manchuria and wanted to be baptized. With the greatest difficulty he had learned to read. "I made every one tell me characters I did not know," he said. He had read all the Gospels and I have seldom heard a better testimony of faith than I heard from the lips of this man.

At the next out-station there are only two Christian families in a village of three hundred families. I was pleased to hear of considerable interest on the part of some women. One of them is wife of the village head man. Another has been troubled with epileptic fits eighteen years, and was reported to be possessed with a demon. While in one of her fits a relative sent for Chang, an earnest Christian young man in the village, and asked him to come and pray with her. He did so, and the woman recovered and has had no attack since. Chang is a stone mason who was converted while at work on Chefoo church. He has since led his mother to Christ, and his father, who persecuted him, has stopped his opposition. Chang believes in the power of prayer. Last autumn a woman called him in to help her son, a bright little fellow of three years. The boy had dreadful sores on his leg and cried day and night. He is an only son, hence doubly precious. Chinese doctors said they could not heal the child, he would be a cripple. The mother begged Chang to give him foreign medicine. He said he had no medicine, but "I tell you what I can do, I can pray to Jesus the Saviour and he can heal your child." "Then pray," and Chang prayed. The sores began to heal, and after twenty days the boy was better. Through him her heart has been opened to the truth. These women came regularly to services, and a little congregation has been started in the village. *W. O. Elterich.*

A Memorial of Theodosia Davenport Jessup (née Lockwood) is a booklet of 50 pages, sent out by Dr. H. H. Jessup and Miss Jessup, and printed at Beirût. It is the record of a rare woman, told by many voices in unanimous tones of love and admiration. "She was such a power in the choir, . . . musical talent was that in which she stood alone." "Songs with music of her own composition were the favorites." "With what grace of womanliness and exercise of wisdom and placid strength she has presided over that missionary's household these twenty-three years." "Given to hospitality will be testified of this home." "Her light has been shining among us with marked radiance, and her life has greatly enriched our missionary community." Life like portraits are those from a photograph taken in Washington, 1894, and as she sat sewing in her Aleih home in 1906.

A Memorial of Alice Jackson, by Robert E. Speer, is commended to all young women. Published by Revell Company.

Sunday-school in a Hospital

If you could see the halt, the lame and the blind gathered together in a ward whose beds are filled with the sick, you might think it a unique Sunday-school.

Come then with me, to the men's surgical ward in Miraj Hospital on Sunday morning, at the hour of ten. You will see the ward boys leading in patients from the eye ward, carrying in others who are unable to walk, and seating all of them on the floor between the beds. At the same time, nurses are bringing in the women and children. Students from the medical school are also gathering, and they occupy long benches in the middle aisle and assist in the song service, while I lead with the baby organ. Here opening exercises are conducted by Dr. Wanless. Afterward, the lesson is taught in separate wards or in private rooms. Hospital assistants take charge in the men's wards, nurses teach in the women's ward, and the students meet in their classroom under Dr. Wanless. Lesson hour over, all assemble as before for closing exercises. The lesson is reviewed; some voluntarily recite the Golden Text, a collection is taken for the poor; and all is concluded by singing and prayer. The patients look forward to their Sunday-school all the week.

On Christmas Day, we assembled for a short service, after which cards, pictures and candies were distributed.

Among patients in the children's ward, are four blind children from a mission school in Bombay. They have their raised-letter books with them, and to see them read with their fingers is a marvelous sight to other patients. To while away the time, they read, sing Gospel songs and recite Scripture. When I go to see them almost their first words are, "Shall we sing for you?" and then, in their sweet, childish voices, the strains of Gospel songs ring through the wards. They are little seed-sowers through their hymns and, with their bright, happy faces and cheerful ways, are living testimonies to the saving power of God.

PATIENTS FROM CHILDREN'S WARD, MIRAJ, W. INDIA.
The girl seated, with both legs bandaged, and the girls on either side of her, are totally blind.

Lillian Emery Wanless.

CHARLES WARNER McCLEARY*

The following sample sentences are taken from the late Rev. C.W. McCleary's charming letters written from Kamerun, Africa.—ED.

I would rather live here among these degraded people and be the means of leading them to Christ, than to dwell in the finest mansion in New York City. (1896) I have been looking for newspapers ever since I touched Africa. Send all you can get your hands on. We do not have daily papers up here. We are not ashamed to read last year's.—While out planting pawpaw and orange seeds, the boys challenged me for a clod fight. I took them up, and how the clods did fly. The boys enjoy a good play with us.—A dark cloud hangs over the Station. Boys we had most trusted have proved faithless. They seem to be sorry and will hardly look us in the face. (1897) Every day we see some who never heard of God and it is a joy unspeakable to try to tell them. (1898) The meeting-house was overflowing. When the boys sang "Jewels" my heart swelled up as big as a rain barrel.—While we cannot point to any man and say "There is a Christian," we can point to a number who show evidence of a great change of life. (1899) Yesterday, 150 in my Sabbath-school class. (1900) Enrolled 133 boys in school. (1901) Come over into Africa and help us fight the Lord's battles. Don't let the banners fall. Fill up the broken ranks and let us go forward and possess the land for our King.

* "*The Beloved.*" Edited by John Frederick Hinkhouse, M.A., D.D. (Pub. Fairfield, Iowa.) Pages 294; cloth, $1.00; paper, 75 cents.

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES

CHINA

A TRAVELER'S LETTER.

[The following letter is kindly loaned by request. It was written by a young American who has been in business in Japan and went to visit his cousin, a missionary at Paotingfu. —EDITOR.]

BAY OF PECHILI, *S.S. Kaiping*,
February 2, 1909.

My Dear Little Auntie:

The long looked-forward-to and all too short visit is over and I am sitting down to tell you all about it. . . Both your Little Ones are well and happy, and they simply grabbed me as though I were something good to eat, and not a good-for-nothing long-shanks; but I must go back and start at the beginning.

From Shanghai it was two days up the coast in as nice a little steamer as one could wish to travel in, and though the winter wind came down out of the north with such force as to make the ocean boiling white, none of the twenty-two passengers were seasick. We made the winter harbor, and a little puffing train, full of people in fur caps and coats, took me for a few miles and dumped me down on a platform covered with howling, yelling Chinks, to wait for the North China mail train. I had a feeling of being rather near the end of the earth; but after being in the East for a while one learns that the shouting, yelling, yellow man is about the most harmless creature that walks, so I did not even bother to stand guard over my baggage, but marched off out of the crowd to enjoy such a

BITING, FROSTY NIGHT AND STARLIGHT

as I have not known for years. It was an all-night ride in the mail train to Peking, but there was more comfort than I have ever known when traveling in Japan. In the morning when I was stretching, the train slid through the outer walls of Peking, then up under the great city wall itself, and I was just getting a look at the famous Water Gate of Boxer time, when grind went the brakes, and there was Billum! He was sort of hopping up and down on one foot and looking in the car windows as they slid past him, but he did not see me; so I jumped before the train stopped and got him in flank. We had a couple of hours in Peking before the train left for Paotingfu, and Billum showed me some of the sights, although I don't remember very well just what they were. Then came a four hours' ride over that wonderful North China Plain and we landed up at the Station, chucked our things in a ricksha, and walked up to the mission compound. It is

A PLACE TO REMEMBER ALWAYS—

that compound. I can only describe it as a little piece of "Home Side" set down right in the middle of gray-brown heathendom. Everything in this country seems in winter to be gray-brown. Bare earth, trees, mud houses, even brick houses and walls are the same color. It is an absolute monochrome, with three exceptions,—the blue, blue sky, the sunshine, and the hearts of the good people.

Then we came to the house . . . ! Now of course you will be interested to know just what these two people look like. I searched Billum's face with the greatest care to find the place where he has put these last five years, but absolutely I could not find it. He is still engaged in that never-ending struggle to suppress that boyish grin,

THE GOOD OLD GRIN.

The robust, manly health of the lad is enough to make one shout for joy. And the way *She* looks at *him!* To be sure he has advantages over some men in minor details, but that is no reason why she should look at him as though he were the only created male creature.

Billum and I went out the next morning to preach to the heathen, or rather he went out to preach and I carried his shield. The shield took the prosaic form of a paste-pot, and the method of procedure was as follows: You know of course that this part of China is a mass of villages; there must be thousands of them in Billum's territory, and the ones we went to

HAD NEVER BEEN VISITED BEFORE.

We marched right into the village, walked round a bit so as to attract attention and then, selecting a good-looking wall, proceeded to paste up a notice written in Chinese. This act attracted quite a bunch of the poor, miserable, dirty people, and then, wonder of wonders, Billum began to talk to them. Those strange, almost unthinkable, and to me of course meaningless sounds rushed out of him in a perfect torrent. What he said I do not know, but I saw the interest gradually come into those yellow faces, saw them

LAUGH WITH HIM, NOD ASSENT, AND

make evidently favorable comments among each other. It was a thing the memory of which will be with me always. At the end, Billum passed out slips of paper and told me they held verses of Scripture, and that he

promised a book to any one of the people who would come to the Mission and recite the verses from memory. One thing that surprised me greatly was the evident friendly nature of the Chinese to the foreigner. They are a quiet, docile lot, and somehow made me think of sheep. They are of course without the polished politeness of the Japanese; but there seems to be

MORE REAL COURTESY AND FRIENDLINESS

to the stranger than one ever finds in Japan. . . . In the evening we called on the good people next door, and had a right jolly time. Miss —— and Mrs. —— told a lot of interesting things about the siege of the Peking Legations. Other people were away so that I could not see them; but, if they are anything like these, there is not a too solemn face in the Mission. A greater tribute than that I cannot make. Altogether, Little Auntie, I have had a look at such Christianity as makes me feel very much akin to those creatures Billum preached to. I wish I could take,

BY THE NECK, EVERY FOREIGN RESIDENT

in the East, shake him good and proper, and then show him the same thing, My! but it would do a lot of good.

Miss Edith C. Dickie of Ningpo wrote on house-boat, *en route* among out-stations, last Good Friday:

To-day, I have been thinking of the home-land and the many privileges there enjoyed, different from those given us out here. Among those which come to mind is hearing Dr. Morgan Dix in Trinity Church on several successive Good Friday afternoons, during the wonderfully beautiful three hours' service held there each year. This afternoon is spent in Lingsarn, in the northern part of our Ningpo field, where I shall spend Easter Sunday also. As I saw the place, I was at first more than inclined to go on, but, some way, felt impelled to stay. The pastor's wife and a sweet young girl have been down to the boat for tea, and went home promising to go with me to-morrow up the hills and gather flowers with which to adorn the chapel for Easter. I have a new little traveling organ with me, the

GIFT OF A CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

in Brooklyn, and I shall have it carried to the chapel as I did last Sunday at a small place where it attracted a crowd. Near where our boat is moored stands a beautiful large house. When the people saw a foreigner, they came out and invited me for tea. I am miles away from any English-speaking person, and you would be glad to know how content I am. To be sure, the past two nights I slept with one eye open for we have expected robbers, but they did not come and I will close both eyes to-night. This is

THE ELEVENTH PLACE VISITED

and I plan to be out two weeks more. I have a Bible woman with me, a woman servant, and two trusty boatmen. You would be interested to see how cosy my apartment here is, and how much of convenience I have. When I wrung out a clean damask napkin from water and handed it to my guests for their hands this afternoon, they exclaimed at such politeness *on a boat!*

Easter Monday.—We are nearing Yü Yiao, to which we return for supplies, and where I can get and mail letters. I want to add a word about Easter services. It was a beautiful spring day. Saturday, the two young Chinese women came to the boat and went with me up the mountain side where we found quantities of wild lilac, with which we adorned the little brick-floored chapel. The people sat on backless benches and, though the two services occupied three hours, they did not seem tired; the chapel was crowded away out into the courtyard, many standing all the time. I gave

MY FIRST PULPIT TALK

on the "Feeding of the five thousand," and you could have heard a pin drop. This being out among the people is freeing my tongue very much and it seemed almost as easy as to talk in English. The best of it is, that it was understood.

The one rich family, which I mentioned, called Saturday and were delighted with my possessions,—the typewriter especially, on which I had a letter partly written. The mother was so pleased with the novelty, that I took the letter out and gave it to her. She brought three sweet-faced, pretty-mannered young girls, and I spoke up warmly for our Ningpo schools for them, showing photographs of teachers and pupils. They are heathen people and, on leaving, I gave them some well-written books on China's greatest need. The Chinese have such a veneration for the printed page, that one of the great pleasures of a tour is to distribute good reading matter, especially among the pastors and teachers, for they are

PITIFULLY DEPRIVED OF SUCH HELPS.

I brought with me such books as the lives of Neesima, Muller, Mary Lyon, Dr. McCarty; *Pilgrim's Progress, Beautiful Joe, Story of Sir Galahad,* besides some of a more strictly religious character. It is good to know that able men and women are translating good books for Chinese, which will enrich their barren lives.

CHILE

MRS. J. H. MCLEAN wrote from SAN FERNANDO, April 20:

You will notice by the heading that we have changed our address.

Several years ago a bridge inspector was converted at one of Mr. Boomer's meetings in Chillan and he has been trying to carry on Christian work in this city. For a time the Methodists had a worker here, but he became a follower of Dowie. A faithful few continued to pray and to wait. In January they sent a petition to the Mission asking that a worker be sent here. At the request of the Mission we left Concepción, and have come to make our home in San Fernando. A young member of Valparaiso Church was sent as assistant. He decided only last Christmas to give his life to the ministry. Mr. McLean instructs him in a regular course for students. He is a fine young fellow, he lives in our home, and we are glad to have him. He conducts a service in a neighboring town, Curicco, every Tuesday evening, and has started a Sunday-school in the same town. In San Fernando, we have a room that seats 90 persons, and it has been overcrowded a good many times already. We are the first missionaries to reside here, and the

ONLY ENGLISH-SPEAKING FAMILY IN THE CITY.

Everybody notices baby's blue eyes and fair hair. She is quite a curiosity among Chileans.

San Fernando is in the Central Valley, in the heart of the most intensely Roman Catholic district in Chile. We certainly require that power which comes from the Throne in order to teach this people surety of salvation that is by grace alone. Here and in all the surrounding districts there are

ONLY THIRTY-FIVE PROFESSED PROTESTANTS.

Ten years ago, according to the official census, there were few Protestant Christians in Chile; the number to-day is not less than 15,000. There are about 10,000 inhabitants in this city; all about us are the everlasting hills. From our upstairs windows, we have

A DELIGHTFUL VIEW OF THE ANDES

with their perpetual snow. The rivulets that gush from their fountains in the Andes are diverted hither and thither to constitute the drainage system. Fruit of all kinds is abundant and cheap. Vineyards and olive yards are as common as apple trees at home. This is the most Chilean of all towns in Chile. I have visited the homes of most of the people that come to church, and they are neat and clean, very different from those in Concepción. There they had only one room, probably with mud floor; here the homes consist of three or four rooms and a little garden. Mr. and Mrs. Boomer are to take Concepción Station. We are all rejoicing because Mr. Speer expects to come to South America. He will spend one month in Chile, probably August.

[The following extract is sent by Mrs. Horsburgh of San Francisco.—ED.]

AFRICA

MRS. WILMER F. LEHMAN wrote from LOLODORF, March 25:

The first term of the year in the girls' school is drawing to a close. At first I could scarcely tell who was which, and knew nothing at all about their individual selves and only too little about general characteristics of these little African girls. But I must not call them all "little," for of twenty-eight enrolled boarding pupils, some married girls may be seventeen or eighteen years of age. They never have birthdays, and, like some people at home, never tell their age. They all work three hours each morning for their food, then attend school two and a half hours, and after hours work again to pay their tuition, or buy a copy of Matthew, or a copy-book and pencil. Do not imagine they are drudges, however, for they sing and dance, play and quarrel, and fill their little stomachs all in a very lively and human fashion.

Some of the girls bring the equivalent of their tuition in goods at the beginning of the term, and some are able to buy their school materials. Some girls have two or three cloths, a bright handkerchief for a headdress or even a Mother Hubbard sort of a dress.

Sunday they attend service and Sunday-school, and have an afternoon meeting with Mrs. Hummel in which they are studying Genesis. All reading in school, after they graduate from the charts and primer, is from the Bible, and Mrs. Emerson, who has charge of the girls in school hours, and has thirty or more day pupils in addition to those in boarding school, could write pages about their progress. Time was and that only a few years ago, when it was very difficult to get a nucleus for a girls' school, but since the German Government has begun to enforce certain marriage laws, it is possible for those to come who want and we know the girls' school is an established fact. You are welcome to be as much interested in it as you like. Especially shall we appreciate a prayerful interest, for there is all the difference in the world between an African heathen girl and an African Christian girl, and we would that they might all become your own little sisters in Christ.

HOME DEPARTMENT

PROGRAMME FOR SEPTEMBER MEETING

A HALF CENTURY OF WORK IN JAPAN.

Read Matt. xiv:15–21.

On map or blackboard outline Japanese islands, indicating territorial changes during the last fifty years.

Sketch briefly Japan's history as a world-power, tracing in outline the links which unite her history to that of this country. Contrast status before and since war with Russia.

In ten-minute paper compare the Buddhism of poetry and fiction with that so-called religion in actual life. Quote from Sir Edwin Arnold, Lafcadio Hearn, Pierre Loti. See *Dux Christus*, Christian Missions and Social Progress, etc.

National attitude towards education, is it placed higher than religion?

Sketch the debt of Japan to the West, in matters material and spiritual.

Does great progress in material things tend towards spiritual advancement? Discuss this question.

Have two brief outlines of progress of mission work during the past year: 1. Evangelistic. 2. Educational. (Use Japan section of *Report* of Assembly's Board.)

Why are there no Medical Missions? Compare medical charities in Japan and in the United States, p. 132 of *Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom*. Speak of effects of Western example in benevolence, p. 272 *Dux Christus*.

Read aloud part of Mr. Hail's narrative on p. 255, Board's *Report*, and the beautiful incident told by Miss Garvin on p. 257.

Give short sketches, by different voices, of some notable women who have worked for Christ in Japan: Mrs. Hepburn (see picture in WOMAN'S WORK, Sept., 1906) Mrs. Thompson; Mrs. Carrothers; Miss Youngman; Miss West; Miss Milliken; Mrs. Yajima, (see picture, WOMAN'S WORK, Jan., 1907) Refer to previous reports and magazines, Historical Sketch, etc.

War and peace in Port Arthur, (see picture WOMAN'S WORK, Sept., 1908).

Read extracts from "How Another Stoessel Surrendered," in the same number.

Debate the question: Is the church in Japan ready for independence? Have the affirmative taken by one who will get the Japanese point of view, intense patriotism, Christian loyalty, progressive spirit, quote account of efforts for self-support, *Sunrise*, p. 117; the negative by one who will carefully inform herself concerning difficulties.

E. E.

FIFTH CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL UNION

IN CONNECTION WITH PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

This Union of Foreign Missionary Societies, in which the women of Presbyterianism throughout the world are banded together, has no rival and its conferences held five years apart are truly rare occasions. The preceding Conference of 1904 was held at Liverpool and that of October, 1899, at Washington City. This year it convened in New York, on June 16th. Great regret was frequently expressed that the season of the year prevented a larger attendance.

The character of the Conference was (1) inspirational, in the opening and closing devotional services and in the addresses by missionaries; (2) practical, in dealing with methods of conducting the broad work of the Societies and Boards. There was a most frank spirit of willingness to share with others whatever experience had been gained.

Mrs. David J. Burrell of New York presided at the morning session and welcomed the delegates and visitors in a hearty speech, to which Miss Carmichael of Canada responded. Greetings from Societies represented were given in person by Mrs. Johnston, Presbyterian Church of England; Miss Carmichael, Presbyterian Church of Canada; Miss Hubbard, Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.; Mrs. David Woodside, United Free Church, Scotland; Mrs. E. G. Janeway, Reformed Dutch Church in America; Mrs. Gilchrist, Reformed German Church in the U. S. A.; also ladies of the United Presbyterian Church in N. America and of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S.

Admirable short missionary speeches were made by: Miss Annie Montgomery of Persia, Miss Rollestone of China, Miss Duryee of the American Mission, Amoy; Miss Holliday of Persia and Miss Plumb of the Established Church of Scotland Mission at Sialkot. Miss Plumb had landed from India the morning of the Conference and came up to the church and platform in hot haste and full of enthusiasm. A missionary from Arabia also spoke of conditions at Bahrein.

More formal addresses were given by Miss Johnston of the English Mission at Amoy, China, and by Mrs. Bainbridge of New York. The latter favorably contrasted her recent visit to China with

her first visit some twenty-five years ago.

The only business transacted was the presentation of a statement by Miss Mathews of London, secretary and treasurer of the Union, and the election (in the pretty nomenclature of the Union) of "office bearers." Mrs. Nicoll of Aberdeen, Scotland, was elected president and Miss Mathews was re-elected secretary and treasurer. A bountiful luncheon was served by ladies of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, 5th Ave. and 48th Street.

Miss Alice M. Davison of New York presided in the afternoon session, opening with an hour upon "Up to Date Methods of Work." She called upon speakers successively to tell what they know has proved useful and successful in conducting the Children's Band, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Woman's Auxiliary, the Mission Study Class and the missionary magazine. Mrs. Wm. E. Waters, speaking for the Auxiliary, made a point of the smaller and obscure societies. One such she visited years ago, where the meeting was chiefly occupied with reading aloud from the missionary publication; such growth has taken place that the same society now depends upon its members to use their own mental powers to carry on their meeting. The value of mission study was illustrated by a practical demonstration of a chapter in *The Moslem World* given by three young ladies of the Reformed Dutch Church, New York.

Dr. Jean Dow of Honan, on the subject of "Medical Work in China," cited a remarkable number of instances of conversions which had resulted from connection with the medical end of missions.

In presenting her paper, Mrs. Robert Whyte omitted topics which had been touched upon by other speakers and, regardful of the lateness of the hour, condensed in a masterful way by speaking more than she read. We closed with a prayer service and separated after our hymn,

> "O Jesus, I have promised
> To serve Thee to the end."

DUTIES OF THE RANK AND FILE OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

There is always a tendency in any organization to place the burden of responsibility upon the officers, but particularly is this true in the missionary society. Many members who are regular in their contributions and faithful in reading their magazines are uncertain in the matter of attendance at regular meetings, unless they chance to have a part in the programme of the day. It does not seem to occur to them that it is decidedly chilling for the presiding officer, and for participants in the meeting, to face practically empty chairs. I venture to say that one-half of all good speaking is due to an interested, appreciative and sympathetic audience. Gladstone used to say, "What my audience give me in spray I give them back in drops," and any minister will tell you that it becomes a habit to direct his sermon towards certain people in his weekly audience—people who look intelligent appreciation, and whom he misses sorely when they are absent. To the rank and file, then, belongs the duty of inspiring speakers of the monthly meeting, by their presence, their kindly interest and sympathy.

It may not be out of place to enlarge a little on that thought of *sympathetic* attention. To the public speaker nothing is more disheartening than to face an indifferent audience, and the nearer the speaker is to the people he addresses, the more susceptible he is to the influence exercised by his auditors. Will you not bear this in mind the next time you go to your missionary society meeting? Decide that the "spray" you send out shall be invigorating and refreshing to your speakers.

Many little duties may be assumed by members of the society which will add greatly to the interest of the meeting. The atmosphere of cordial good will and kindly fellowship is one that is created by hearty co-operation of the many, although the keynote may be set by one or two. Still "one or two," with the best will in the world, cannot create "an atmosphere" of cordiality,—this is the privilege of the rank and file.

A notable example of what one "high private" can do, under the incentive of self-imposed duty, comes to my mind. While attending a meeting of a local society in a community where working people lived, I noticed there were some fifty or sixty women present, a few of them having little children with them.

I asked the president if this were not an unusual number of members at one meeting, but she replied that it was only a little above the average, as the day was very pleasant.

"What is your secret for securing attendance?" I asked.

"Come and I will show you," was the reply, and she led me over to one side of the room, where a sweet-faced, white-haired old lady sat. A pair of crutches were leaning beside her chair against the wall. "Mrs. S.," said the president, "our visitor wants to know the secret of our large attendance. You know the secret best, so *you* tell her."

Mrs. S. laughed a little. "They make too much of it," she said. "I have been a member of this church for thirty years, and I know most of the people and make it my business to meet all the members of the missionary society. Then I am always present at the meetings, unless the weather prevents, and I notice if any member is absent. I can't walk much," indicating her crutches by a nod, "but I can write; so, after the meeting, I drop a postal to each absent member and say, 'We missed you. What prevented your being with us? If there is sickness or trouble we should all be glad to help you,' or something of that sort. That's all; but people will come, when they realize that they will be missed if they stay away."

There was the secret. Do you remember that beautiful story of Dr. John Watson's (Ian Maclaren) about Marget Howe writing to Flora Campbell in London, "Lassie, you are missed"? Do you remember that those words brought her home? In your society the experiment is worth trying.

In another society that I know of there is a dear, wise old lady who is not eloquent nor brilliant, who seldom holds an office and never a prominent one. She is gifted, however, with an unusual amount of solid common sense. She is always present at the meetings, has a good memory, and is a well-spring of suggestion and advice. They could spare almost any officer better than this very useful member of the "rank and file."

One of the most striking characteristics of the "common soldier" in the United States army is his ability to "fight for his own hand" when all his officers are stricken down about him. A battle never was won by officers alone. In the Boer war the officers were well-trained, efficient and brave, for the most part, but the lack of a serviceable rank and file, due to a decline in the physical standard of British manhood, prolonged the war to four or five times its apparently needful length. Be prepared to fight the battle of the Kingdom under any officers or even without officers, dear high private of the missionary society. The King notices when you are absent from your place in the meeting, even if no one else does. The battle is His and the victory, and is therefore yours also.

Jane M. Miller.

HOW SHALL WE PRONOUNCE THE NAMES?

Some months ago the following letter was received, for which we have not been able to make room until now:

CARLYLE, Kans.

Editor of WOMAN'S WORK:

DEAR FRIEND.—At the County Missionary Convention held last month, the president appointed me a committee to inquire concerning proper names in the magazine articles. It would greatly aid the leaders of our local meetings if the names could be spelled as pronounced. Some of us who are inexperienced readers find it very embarrassing to encounter a number of unpronounceable names when reading aloud. The *Prayer Calendar* was suggested as a relief, but a few days ago I tried that and my dictionary also, yet was not able to make out the names. Can you help us in the matter? Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Margaretta W. Gilkeson.

The management of WOMAN'S WORK keenly sympathizes with the desire to pronounce correctly, and with those societies which are located at such a distance from Board centers, that they are comparatively deprived of assistance along this line. Women living in the suburbs of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., have only to attend the regular monthly meeting at Board Headquarters and, in the course of a year, they will hear the majority of important places in the missions named by those who know how to pronounce the names. The case is very different with our friends in Allen County, Kansas. In compliance with the request of their letter, this magazine will offer some aid to pronunciation for some months to come.

This information will not always be found in the same place on our pages; and, as diacritical marks are often misunderstood, it will be presented not by them but by phonetic spelling, accent being indicated by italics. Attention is particularly invited to the latter item. Though you may know a name well, let some one else pronounce it, throwing the emphasis on the wrong syllable, and you will not recognize the name. Your vowels and consonants may be all right, but with your accent wrong the word is all wrong. Helps on pronouncing will not help any one who does not watch the italics and settle her accent first of all.

The question at the head of this article is not so easily answered as some may suppose. Linguistic difficulties forbid our attempting to cover all the names we print. For example:

1. Pronunciation of many Asiatic proper nouns requires guttural sounds, aspiration, or variation of pitch, for which there are neither signs in the English language nor type in the printing office.
2. Spelling and pronunciation of some names are not settled in the missions. They vote to spell a new way but follow the old. One man and his wife always spell the name of their Station different ways. We cannot be arbiter.

Who does not wish to pronounce well these names which constantly recur in the newspapers as well as missionary publications? The other day, a cultured woman was heard to call the capital of Persia "Tē-*he*-run." It sounded silly, not at all the stately name it is—Tay-eh-*rahn* (Teheran). The best way to learn how to pronounce is to consult every missionary we meet, go to every missionary meeting we can, especially where representatives from the field or the Board make addresses, and to keep our ears open.

Those who are "embarrassed" by the hard names should not allow themselves to be shut out of taking part in the meeting for such a trivial reason. If you can think of no better way when suddenly called upon to read aloud, spell your word, ask the meeting to pronounce it, and go on. The writer of these lines took a lesson herself down in St. Louis, a few weeks ago, by listening to the secretary as she read the name "Cimarron." Many a New Yorker might make a slip on a list of Kansas towns, and some Southwest people might not sail successfully through all the rivers and lakes of Maine. To err on a name in Asia is a trifle compared to error in our own names, but a blunder either way must never scare us missionary women out of our duty and privilege.

IN PAPER COVERS

WOMAN'S WORK acknowledges with thanks the following publications:

Catalogue, Christian High School Bangkok, 1909-10.

Siam Mission *Annual Report*, 1908.

Laos Mission *Annual Report*, 1908.

The Laos News. A Quarterly. Subscription price, 15 cts. a year. Order from C. H. Denman, M.D., 2428 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Cal.

The Punjab Mission News. Pub. monthly at Lahore.

Annual Report of Punjab Mission, for 1908.

Report of Presbyterian Mission Hospital, Kodoli, India, 1908.

In and About Lahore, 1908.

Forman Christian College Notes.

American Marathi Mission *Report*, for 1908.

The American College, Madura, India.

Tooker Memorial Hospital, Soochow, 1908.

Li Chung Sheng. By A. M. Cunningham, Peking.

Yeung Kong Station, *Bi-monthly*, 1909.

Report, Mary Henry Hospital, Hainan.

Prospectus of Union Medical College in Tsinan, Shantung.

Annual Report of Canton Hospital, 1908.

Glimpses of Work in Kiang-An Mission, 1907-08.

Station Reports, Central China Mission, 1907-08.

Report of Korea Mission, 1908.

Minutes and Reports of Annual Meeting, Korea Mission.

A Decade of God's Doings at Taiku, Korea.

Presbyterian Work in Mexico, Sept., 1908. A Quarterly, 20 cts. *per annum*. Order from W. E. Vanderbilt, Apartado 305, Mexico City.

Report for 1909 on Ellinwood Bible Seminary, Manila, P. I.

Report of Silliman Institute, for 1909.

American Bible Society, *Annual Report of Board of Managers*, 1909.

Catalogue of Missionary Photographs, published by Young People's Missionary Movement, 156 Fifth Ave., New York; 40 pp., 10 cts.

Catalogue of Library Woman's Foreign Mis

sionary Society, 501 Witherspoon Building, Phila.; 16 pp.

Fifteenth Conference of Foreign Missions Boards in United States and Canada, Jan., 1909.

The Story of the Year (C. M. S.), 1907-8.

Church Calendar for the year of our Lord MDCCCCIX. Published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Church Missions House, New York.

Annual Report of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, (Western Division,) 1908-09.

Letters of Charlotte Geddie and Charlotte Geddie Harrington. A Tribute from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Maritime Provinces. These are letters by the sainted New Hebrides missionary and her daughter; 64 pp.

The Story of a Mission in Japan. By E. A. Kilbourne, Tokyo.

The Mission Study Class. What is it? How organize it? By T. H. P. Sailer, Educational Department, Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Ave., New York. Also from the same, *What Our Board of Foreign Missions Is and Does.* By B. Carter Millikin.

Missions and Civilization. Address by Wm. H. Taft. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

Synodical Report, Woman's Society of Foreign Missions, Ohio, 1908.

Tithe Conference. Also, *How Estimate the Tithe*, by E. L. Miller. For sale by Observer Publishing Co., Greensburg, Ind.

Report of International Missionary Union.

Catalogue of Union Missionary Training Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Kalendar of Programmes for Missionary Circles, arranged by Ladies of First Presbyterian Church, Augusta, Ga.

Catalogue of Florence H. Severance Bible and Missionary Training School, University of Wooster, Ohio.

Women's Auxiliary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. *Report* for 1908.

Women's Work for Women. Short Report of Church of Scotland Women's Association for Foreign Missions, 1909.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

May 13.—At Seattle, Wash., Rev. and Mrs. Ray C. Smith and three children from Fatehgarh, N. India. Address, 135 Centre St., San Raphael, Calif.

June 13.—At New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Miller and their five sons from Shuntefu, China. Address, Elvaston, Ill.

June 18.—At San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Mateer from West Shantung. Address, Chambersburg, Pa.

Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Romig and three children from West Shantung. Address, Hebron, Nebraska.

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Stead from Hamadan, Persia. Address, 3470 N St., San Diego, Cal.

June 25.—At New York, Rev. H. D. Griswold, Ph.D., from Lahore, India, to rejoin his family at Marathon, N. Y.

June 26.—At New York, Rev. and Mrs. Chas. R. Pittman from Tabriz, Persia. Address, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Agnes Wilson from Tabriz, Persia. Address, Indiana, Pa.

July 1.—At New York, Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Harris, Jr. and child from Laos. Address, Princeton, N. J.

E. T. Lawrence, M.D., Mrs. Lawrence and two children from East Persia. Address, Caledonia, Mississippi.

July 10.—At New York, J. A. Funk, M.D., and Mrs. Funk from Hamadan, Persia. Address, Westerleigh, Staten I., N. Y.

Mrs. N. L. Euwer and child from Hamadan. Address, Beaver Falls, Pa.

DEPARTURES:

June 26.—From New York, Rev. Melvin Fraser, returning to Kamerun, Africa.

June 29.—From San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. John E. Hail and three children, returning to West Japan Mission.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

The following helps are permanent and may be obtained from all Women's Boards—

On all the missions:—

Historical Sketch..... 10 cts.
Question Book..... 5 cts.

Schools and Colleges in:

China and India..4 cts. each; dozen, 40 cts.
Other Countries.....3 cts.; doz., 30 cts.
Medical Series....each, 3 cts.; doz., 30 cts.
Home Life Series..each, 2 cts.; doz., 15 cts.
Hero Series.....each, 2 cts.

The Year Book of Prayer, 1909..... 10 cts.

Mission Study Class Series No. 1: VII vols.

Mission Study Class Series No. 2:

The Nearer and the Farther East.
The Gospel in Latin Lands.

Postpaid, cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 30 cts.

Helps to new Text-book.

Pictures—Set of 24 half-tones ..... 25 cts
Maps—two..... ..... 25 cts.

From Philadelphia.

Regular meetings of the Society discontinued during July and August.

August. Topics for prayer: *More faith in God's power and willingness to fulfill all His promises. Japanese and Chinese in the United States.*

DURING the past month our president, Mrs. Thorpe, has been called upon to pass through a great ordeal; she has borne herself like the Christian heroine that she is, and now comes the time of convalescence which calls for patience and renewal of spirit day by day. Un-

expectedly a serious surgical operation was found necessary, and without hesitation Mrs. Thorpe went from our June Board meeting to the Presbyterian Hospital with a courage and faith which never faltered. The operation was successful and recovery so rapid that, in three weeks, she was ordered to Atlantic City for the summer for recuperation and rest. The skill of physicians and the devotion of friends have been wonderful but her own quiet, triumphant resting on God has been most wonderful of all.

"Is it worth while to have a prayer-meeting in June?" June 15: a cool day, a goodly company gathered in Westminster Hall, two devout women leading; our hearts overflowing in supplication for the life and health of the president of our Society; requests for prayer in quick succession, for the Summer Schools and those who are to lead them, for our seven new missionaries preparing to go out in the fall, for the plague stricken in Caracas and Canton and those in peril in Persia; for medical missions and for Latin lands,—the last eloquently pleaded for by Rev. W. L. Schmalhorst, who spoke that which he knew of Chile and dismissed us with the one thought of "the Command and the great Need."

AMONG the pleasant surprises in June was a call from Miss Holliday of Tabriz, who, in full assurance of faith, spoke of the coming downfall of Mohammedanism and exhorted us to be faithful in prayer that it might be speedy; also a visit from Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Laughlin and their daughter, formerly of China, now from San Francisco, bringing greetings from the Occidental Board.

OUR Permanent Investment Fund has been increased by a legacy of $1,000 (less inheritance tax) from Miss Margaret J. Peebles of Portsmouth, Ohio.

MRS. S. S. GILSON of Pittsburgh represents this Society at the Cumberland Country Conference, July 26-Aug. 2, at Lebanon, Tenn. A wise choice of the right woman and just what vice-presidents are for.

NEW LEAFLETS.—For the boys and girls in Bands and Junior Societies, free: *A Fourfold Opportunity*, illustrated, embracing their four Special Objects in Tripoli, Canton, Saharanpur and Laguna. For the Young People who have adopted Miss Sallie Alexander of Osaka, a brief *Sketch* with photographs of their missionary. For all of us, the clever, spirited, timely call to *Attention*, by Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, 2 cts., 20 cts. per doz.; *A Visit to Orion* (Philippines), 2 cts., 20 cts. per doz.; *A Bit of Mexico*, by Mrs. D. B. Wells, 5 cts.; *An Old Parable in New Form*, 1 ct., 10 cts. per doz. All the new study books and helps are now on sale.

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48, 328 Wabash Avenue, every Friday at 10 A. M. Visitors welcome.

SORROW filled our hearts when we heard of the sudden death of our beloved Mrs. A. A. Pfansteihl. She and Dr. Pfansteihl had been residing temporarily in Somerville, New Jersey, but we of the Northwest Board claimed her as our own. She has been one of our most efficient home secretaries, leading with wise counsel, guiding with tactfulness, helpful, generously unselfish, carrying always good cheer and higher purpose with her noble mind, cheerful heart and sweet face. Her office made her the connecting link between many of our missionaries and their supporters at home, and we can hardly appreciate the numbers of people to whom her home-going will mean great loss here. May God grant that the blessed "well done" may be as sure to each of us, as we feel that it is to her, in the Heavenly Home. *B. McP. C.*

"KEPT for the Master's use" describes a gift lately received from one whose years had been spent on a mission field and who so loved that he gave a cherished treasure—a silk cover, pieced, embroidered and quilted by his wife. Realizing that, like some articles made by soldiers' aid societies in Japan, in which every stitch represented a loving thought, this beautiful quilt had a value that could not be stated in figures, a few friends united to pay the price put upon it and returned it to the giver with the word that the keepsake was now his for life, non-transferable.

RECENT Friday mornings have brought addresses from Miss Bertha Johnson of India, Mr. Freeman of Laos, Mrs. H. C. Olin of New York and Mrs. Murray Harris of Los Angeles, the last a granddaughter of Mr. S. H. Hubbard of Indianapolis, whose gifts provided while he lived the salary of two medical missionaries, and by his will perpetuated those gifts.

MISS JOHNSON'S stories of Sangli reminded one of Rembrandt's paintings, so darkly did the midnight mob contrast with the bright days of revival; the dismal huts against whose low lintels her back had many a painful knock, with the repentant, fruitful lives which the Lord has caused to spring thence like lilies.

MR. FREEMAN gave to the mental vision a far look, telling how vast a country is occupied by Laos-speaking people. He hopes to visit the Loi, aborigines of Hainan, as he returns to Laos, to learn what likeness there is between the languages of these far separated peoples, who probably sprang from the same stock.

ONE Presbyterial Young People's Secretary wrote two hundred letters urging attendance upon one of the Lake Geneva conferences.

LEAFLETS: *July Programme for C. E. Meetings, Heroes of Missions in China*, free, except postage; *A Doctor's Visit to Orion* (a village in the Philippines), by Rebecca Parish, M.D., 2 cts.; *Pastor Hsi*, 3 cts.; *A Bit of Mexico Personally Observed*, by Mrs. D. B. Wells, 5 cts.

From New York.

Board meetings discontinued until October. The Rooms will be open all summer except Saturday afternoon. Send letters to Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue.

A DAY of sadness to many hearts was that which brought the tidings of the death of Mrs. Henry Newell Beers, for twenty years the beloved president of the New York Board. Mrs. Beers fell asleep on June 26 at her summer home in West Hampton, N. Y. All those who have ever been associated with her will deeply mourn the passing from among us of her gentle and gracious presence.

It is a satisfaction to look back over the past year and see that two of the most crying needs of our missionaries have been provided for: the well at Kiung Chow, Hainan, was given by Mrs. John S. Kennedy, and a missionary residence in Siam was made possible by the use of our legacy money. But there are still urgent needs to be met. The following are objects to which those may contribute who are desirous of doing something *in addition* to their regular gifts:

(1.) The sewing room in our school at Sapporo, Japan, the Japanese Government having condemned the present one as unsuitable for the purpose.

(2.) The house for Dr. Mary Niles' school for the blind, Canton, China.

(3.) Fund for re-opening the boarding department of Faith Hubbard School, Hamadan, Persia. Money should be sent through Presbyterial Treasurers, and designated as "special."

Extract from a letter from Dr. Robertson of Hengchow, Hunan, written after hearing of the extra $800 given to his hospital by the Women's Board of New York:

"About the last of March I bought the piece of land and house next us; the man who was able to buy it did so in return for my kindness in arranging his father's bones. About last of March, also, we heard of $800 additional appropriated for the hospital. At once I made new plans and in a week's time had sent them around the Mission. Ten days later a telegram from Mr. Preston of Property Committee, saying plans were approved. Same day I had men cutting down trees and other men leveling off the building site. The same day, also, bricklayers started part of the boundary wall. Three days later I struck out foundation lines and digging began. Five days later I let the contract for gate and gate house, also for woodwork of servants' building (kitchens, laundry, coal rooms, sleeping rooms, etc.) The front wall is going ahead nicely. I am working now on woodwork of the hospital itself; foundations, brickwork, tile, plaster, etc., are arranged for. So you see things are moving."

From St. Louis.

Meetings the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 10 A. M., at Room 601, Equitable Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Missionary literature for sale at the above number. Visitors always cordially welcome.

By the time this reaches our auxiliaries the Board of the Southwest will have moved once more. We are not yet able to say just where we shall be located, but the building, which has been our home for the past two years, is about to be torn down and we must find other quarters. The next issue of Woman's Work will contain our new address.

Only one letter from our missionaries this month, but that was such a good one! Indeed, Mrs. McClure's letters are all good, each one better than the last. After summing up the reasons for gratitude in her work, she finishes with, "I would make a good Methodist, I want to say, 'Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!'" and so do we! We praise the Lord for Mrs. McClure!

We are still looking for a Secretary for Westminister Guild, as Miss Hyde is so overburdened that she must be relieved of a part of her load. Pray that the right young woman may see her opportunity for service and offer herself for the place. We do need her, whoever she may be.

The new study course on *The Gospel in Latin Lands* is very inviting, and we hope more study classes will be added constantly to our growing list. Study classes are worth while, as many of our societies have found out.

The new *Annual Report* ought to be in your hands by this time. Does your society ever see it? Or does your secretary securely tuck it away and forget about it? It is brimful of news, the record of a blessed year. Pass it about.

New Leaflets: *A Larger Laos*, 1 ct.; *Pastor Hsi, a Miracle of China*, 3 cts.; *The Island Church of Corisco*, by Miss Jean Mackenzie, *Ten Times, The Mite Box with Wooden Legs*, each 2 cts.; *A Bit of Mexico*; Personally Observed (illustrated), by Mrs. D. B. Wells, 5 cts.; *My Thanksgiving Box*, 1 ct. New *Catalogue* (March, 1909), *Practical Hints for Working Members*, free, for postage. New study books: *The Gospel in Latin Lands* and *The Golden Key*. For the latter, Puzzle Map, price 50 cts., postage 6 cts. extra; coupon tickets for voyage on the "air ship" are new attractions for the young people. Send orders to address at head of these St. Louis notes.

From San Francisco.

Meetings at 920 Sacramento St., first Monday of each month, at 10.30 and 1.30 o'clock. Executive meeting third Monday.

Foreign Missions have taken an advance step in our territory within a few months. Dr. H. G. Underwood of Korea often filled two or three appointments in a day. We cannot forget the fervor with which he spoke, the pathos of his appeals, and his powerful presentation of the needs yet to be supplied in Korea: already 2,000,000 Christians amid a population of 13,000,000. Mrs. Underwood often spoke, always with animation. They have now turned their faces homeward to their beloved Korea.

Mrs. C. C. Hansen of Lakawn, Laos, with two daughters, has spent several months in Berkeley. The May meeting in the First Church was enlivened by her interesting talk, illustrated by many curios.

The June meeting of the Occidental Board was large and especially interesting. Mrs. Kelley gave an animated talk about the General Assembly and Denver. Mrs. Alice Fish Moffett, M.D., of Pyeng Yang, Korea, aroused much enthusiasm as she told of the wonderful zeal and faithful work of the native Christians in Korea. Dr. Maud A. Mackey brought memories of the siege in Peking and the horrors of Paotingfu during the Boxer war. She is stationed at Paotingfu, which is handsomely rebuilt, and is engaged in medical work. Her furlough is nearly ended—she sails *via* Vancouver. Two young women were on the platform and responded briefly to the call—Miss Herriott, who is under appointment to China and Mrs. Holmes Beckwith, *née* Miss Helen F. Robinson, daughter of our Secretary for Missionary Candidates. She goes with her husband, who is to be employed in a government school on the Yangtse River in China. This couple are recent graduates from the University.

LOS ANGELES is a favorite resort for missionaries on furlough, and thus the best material is at hand for their meetings, where Home and Foreign Missions are combined; 100 to 150 are present the year round, and societies fifty miles away are represented. Mrs. Dimmick, their systematic treasurer, has remitted $3,800 and a fraction over to the Occidental Board, their gift to June 1st.

THE Occidental Board gave a reception to Dr. Barkeley, Moderator of the General Assembly, and his wife, to Judge Holt, Vice-Moderator, Mr. J. Ernest McAfee, and to the National officers of the Brotherhood. Mrs. Pinney, President, extended a gracious welcome to our distinguished visitors.

THE Condit School, under the Occidental Board, and the King's Daughters held joint exercises in Oakland recently. Mrs. Condit and others sat upon the platform. Mrs. Chew presided. Dr. Condit made the opening prayer in Chinese, Mrs. Chang read the Scriptures in Chinese and made an address; Dr. Merwin spoke to the King's Daughters. Mrs. Garrette and Miss Hatch, the competent teacher of the school, were generals over it all; flowers were provided and refreshments. Mrs. Chin Mow, whom we remember so pleasantly through many years as a member of our Home, was present, bringing her eleventh child, prettily dressed and well behaved; his name, Samuel. It is pleasant to see the father take a pewful of children to church and preserve order; May and Lena sing in the choir. The mother always carries a smile upon her face, and a more orderly home can scarcely be found.

LIST of leaflets for August:

	EACH.	DOZ.
The Occidental Board	.02	.15
Chinese Slave Girls: A Bit of History	.02	.20
The Story of Kum Di	.02	.20
Questions and Answers	.05	...
Old and New China	.02	.20
Strange True Stories of Chinese Slave Girls	.03	.25
Passing of the Occidental Home	.02	.15
Characteristics of the Chinese Race	.01	.10
Our Duty to Mongolians in America	.01	.10
Baby Band Leaflets	.01	.10
Carest Thou Not That We Perish?	.02	.20

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church for June, 1909

By totals from Presbyterial Societies.

BELL,	$8.70	HUNTINGDON,	$2.00	WASHINGTON,	$514.12	WHEELING, 1st Ch., W.	
BLAIRSVILLE,	309.50	HUNTSVILLE,	26.00	WEST JERSEY,	42.50	F.M.C.,	$150.00
CARLISLE,	1,086.98	MCMINNVILLE,	16.00	WHEELING,	85.25	Miscellaneous,	1,125.00
CHATTANOOGA,	26.80	MAHONING,	348.02				
CHESTER,	626.00	MONMOUTH,	212.00				
ERIE,	143.24	NEW CASTLE,	143 43				
FLORIDA,	6.00	NORTHUMBERLAND,	419.09				
FRENCH BROAD,	32.65	PARKERSBURG,	54.89				
GRAFTON,	61.87	STEUBENVILLE,	6.25				
HOPEWELL-MADISON,	16.00	UNION,	96.15				

Total for June, 1909, $5,553 44
Total since April 1, 1909, 9,689.16

(MISS) SARAH W. CATTELL, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

Persia Famine Fund, $5.00

Receipts of Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest for June, 1909

ADAMS,	$19.50	DULUTH,	$110.28	MINNEAPOLIS,	$517.62	ROCK RIVER,	$148.30
BOULDER.	236.00	FARGO,	18.00	MOUSE RIVER,	1.00	RUSHVILLE,	248 00
BOX BUTTE.	7.50	FREEPORT,	62.00	MUNCIE,	166.95	ST. CLOUD,	5.00
CAIRO,	15.00	FT. DODOE,	2.00	NEBRASKA CITY,	270.25	ST. PAUL,	385.37
CEDAR RAPIDS,	17.50	FT. WAYNE,	351.83	OMAHA,	251.00	SOUTHERN DAKOTA,	52.50
CENTRAL DAKOTA,	5.55	GRAND RAPIDS,	17.00	PEMBINA,	47.50	SPRINGFIELD,	277.00
CHEYENNE,	25.00	GREAT FALLS,	24.20	PEORIA,	374.00	WATERLOO,	101.80
CHICAGO,	2,074.11	HASTINGS,	62.35	PETOSKEY,	67.00	WHITEWATER,	204.58
CORNING,	65.00	INDIANA,	201.30	PUEBLO,	208 00	WINNEBAGO,	62.00
COUNCIL BLUFFS,	80.15	INDIANAPOLIS,	427.62	RED RIVER,	20.00	Miscellaneous,	28 00
CRAWFORDSVILLE,	186.00	KALAMAZOO,	50.90				
DENVER,	283.00	LANSING,	156.90				
DES MOINES,	218.90	LAKE SUPERIOR,	91.00				
DETROIT,	655.76	MANKATO,	109.68				
DUBUQUE,	85.44	MILWAUKEE,	213.50				

Total for month, $9,308.84
Total from April 1st, 1909, 21,057.31

MRS. THOS. E. D. BRADLEY, *Treas.*,
Room 48, 328 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for June, 1909

BINGHAMTON	$130.00	LOGAN,	$55.40	PRINCETON,	$36.00	TROY,	$148.00
BOSTON,	224.50	LONG ISLAND,	60.25	ST. LAWRENCE,	91.33	WESTCHESTER,	1,000.00
BROOKLYN,	437.50	LYONS,	72.00	SYRACUSE,	58.00	Miscellaneous,	288.48
BUFFALO,	224.00	MORRIS AND ORANGE,	335.00				
CHAMPLAIN,	59.00	NASSAU,	195.00				
CHEMUNG,	55.00	NEWARK,	451.00				
GENESEE,	43.18	NEW YORK,	1,443.60				
GENEVA,	202.00	OTSEGO,	24.00				

Total for June, $5,633.24
Total since April 1st, 12,676.08

(MISS) HENRIETTA W. HUBBARD, *Treas.*,
Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest for June, 1909

AMARILLO,	$99.13	HOUSTON,	$25.65	SAN ANTONIO,	$13.75	TULSA,	$18.00
ARKANSAS,	22.10	KANSAS CITY,	231.83	SANTA FÉ,	7.50	WICHITA,	294.50
CARTHAGE,	177.60	LARNED,	125.70	SEDALIA,	92.60	Miscellaneous,	65.78
CIMARRON,	5.00	NEOSHO,	134.65	SOLOMON,	77.00		
DENTON,	52.60	OKLAHOMA,	20.70				
EMPORIA,	5.00	OZARK,	2.00				
FT. WORTH,	70.00	PARIS,	49.70				
HIGHLAND,	64.01	ST. JOSEPH,	118.60				
HOBART,	12.00	ST. LOUIS,	1,127.95				

Total for month, $2,913.35
Total to date, 3,310.98

MRS. WM. BURG, *Treas.*,
601 Equitable Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Receipts of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions to June 25, 1909

Pres. Soc.	*Aux.*	*C.E. and Y.P.*	*Bands.*	*Totals.*
ARIZONA	$200.30	$5.00	..	$205.30
BENICIA	94.25	16.85	$1.00	112.10
LOS ANGELES	2,959.15	444.14	6.00	3,409.29
OAKLAND	364.25	106.17	4.00	474.42
RIVERSIDE	287.50	27.75	1.00	316.25
SACRAMENTO	66.70	21.25	..	87.95
SAN FRANCISCO	189.25	25.15	13.00	227.40
SAN JOAQUIN	120.49	77.50	1.95	199 94
SAN JOSÉ	95.50	10.00	..	105.50
SANTA BARBARA	$64.60	$37.50	$10.00	112.10
	$4,441.99	$771.31	$36.95	$5,250.25

Special Gift to Missionary, 5.00
Miscellaneous, $251.50

Total for three months, $5,506.75

MRS. E. G. DENNISTON, *Treas.*,
3454 Twenty-first St., San Francisco, Calif.

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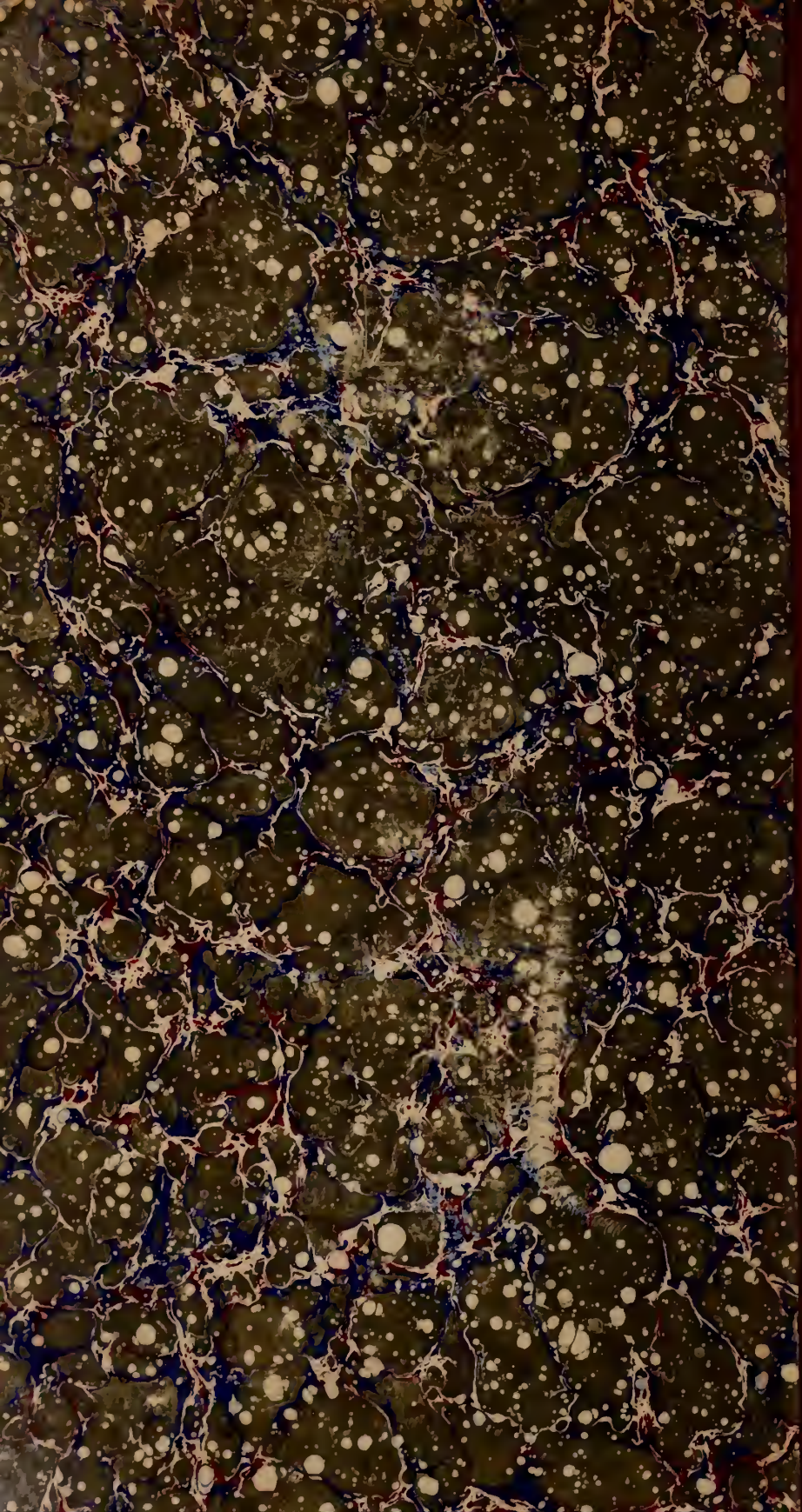
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